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GRAFT

Johnston 1910

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Case Against Casey, 40 min....	23	
Convention of Papas, 25 min..	7	
Country Justice, 15 min.....	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

GRAFT

A POLITICAL EPISODE IN ONE ACT

BY

HARRY L. NEWTON

AUTHOR OF

"Breakfast Food for Two," "A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy," "The Coming Champion," "The Coontown Thirteen Club," "The Corner Drug Store," "The Counterfeit Bills," "A Dutch Cocktail," "Five Minutes from Yell College," "The Heiress of Hoctown," "The Little Red School House," "Laughland, Via the Ha Ha Route," "Marriage and After," "Oshkosh Next Week," "The Pooh Bah of Peacetown," "The Rest Cure," "Si and I," "A Sunny Son of Italy," "The Troubles of Rozinski," "Two Jay Detectives," "Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville" and "When the Circus Came to Town."



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

GRAFT

CHARACTERS.

HENRY DONLIN *An Alderman*
STEVE DONLIN *His Vagabond Brother*
"SPIKE" MCGINNIS *A Political Fixer*
JOHN R. SPENCER..... *Of the Era Electric*
MRS. DONLIN..... *The Alderman's Wife*

PLACE—*Rock City, Indiana.*

TIME—*Early Afternoon.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*Thirty Minutes.*

NOTICE—Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the Publishers.

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THE STORY.

The Era Electric Light Company, anxious to obtain a franchise in Rock City, conclude that the rights can only be secured through the "manipulation" of certain of the city's aldermen. John R. Spencer, the company's representative, calls on Henry Donlin for the purpose of buying his vote. Henry, however, is out, and Steve Donlin, his vagabond brother, receives Spencer instead. The latter, thinking he is dealing with the alderman, hands over a roll of money and departs. As Steve is about to go, Mrs. Donlin arrives. She believes her husband to be the embodiment of all that is good and noble, and in the course of the ensuing conversation with Steve, the latter has a change of heart. He tells the wife that Spencer mistook him for the brother, and that he accepted the bribe, but that Henry would not have been guilty of such an act. He hands her the money, tells her that Henry will vote "no" to the proposed franchise, and is about to leave when Henry returns. Steve dictates certain policies that Henry is to pursue and then goes, leaving the husband inwardly raving but afraid to speak, and the wife still thoroughly believing in her husband's integrity.

LIST OF PROPERTIES.

Cigars in box. Two rolls of greenbacks. Letter paper, pen and ink. Liquor flask and small glass.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance, up-stage, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; *D. F.*, door of flat or back of the stage; up-stage, away from footlights, down stage, near footlights; *1 G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

HENRY DONLIN—About 40 years of age, suave and well-groomed, smoothly shaven. Wears black frock coat, white vest and light trousers, high hat and black four-in-hand tie.

STEVE DONLIN—Thirty years old. He has a general air of easy-going, down-at-the-heel appearance, with signs of dissipation showing in his face. He is cheeky and self-assured at first, but towards the last displays the true manhood that lies within him.

“SPIKE” MCGINNIS. About 25 years of age. A typical “cheap” ward heeler. Wears “loud” clothing, smokes big cigar and flourishes a light walking stick.

JOHN R. SPENCER—Fifty years old or thereabouts. An oily individual. Wears well made business suit, gloves and straw hat.

MRS. DONLIN—A handsome woman of about 30. Wears fashionable afternoon street costume.

GRAFT

SCENE: *A boxed interior in 3 G., with practical doors C. and R. and L. A flat top office desk stands C., with swivel chair at back, and straight chairs R. and L. of desk. A hatrack stands R. of C. D. Other furniture to give the whole effect of a handsome private office.*

At rise HENRY is discovered seated at desk writing. He raises his head inquiringly as a smart rap sounds on door C. He hastily puts away a few papers laying on his desk before obeying the summons. Tilts back in chair and meekly places both hands on desk before him.

HENRY (*smoothly*). Come in.

Enter McGINNIS, C. D. He is industriously puffing on a huge cigar, twirling cane, and comes in with confident air. He stops at C. and shoots a keen glance about.

McGINNIS. Good morning, Alderman.

HENRY (*visibly annoyed, pulls out his watch and notes time*). You're late. This is afternoon. (*Snaps case shut.*)

McGINNIS (*pulls handkerchief from pocket and carefully dusts seat of chair R. of desk, then slowly sits*). Yes, me choofur is to blame. The man he works fer wouldn't let him have the car till after luncheon. (*Crosses legs and puffs on cigar.*) But it's never too late, Alderman. (*Twists slowly about on chair and keenly surveys room.*) Ain't nobody doin' the Sherlock Holmes thing, is there?

HENRY (*snappishly*). No. Hurry up! What did you do?

McGINNIS. Say, wait a minute! Wait a minute! (*Lolling back in chair, smoking indolently.*)

HENRY. Come on. Get down to brass tacks. I haven't got all day to spend in your delightful company.

McGINNIS (*straightening slowly and surveying HENRY coldly*). Well, well. What d'ye think of that! Well, well! Say, Alderman, time was when I'd a been scared stiff at

them kind of words from you; but not no more. Now I takes my time, and if you don't like it—(*pauses abruptly and puffs a cloud of smoke in HENRY'S face*).

HENRY (*choking and waving smoke away*). For pity's sake! Did you ever try smoking real tobacco? (*Coughs violently*.)

McGINNIS. Alderman, you'll annoy me in a moment. Honest, you will.

HENRY (*soothingly and again noting time by watch*). Come, come, McGinnis. Out with it. What did you do?

McGINNIS. Well, Alderman, since you ask me in such a ladylike tone of voice, what I done was this. I fixed it!

HENRY. Good! (*Snaps watch and puts it in pocket*.)

McGINNIS. When it comes to fixing things, I'm this well-known city's best little fixer. Ain't I? I dare you to say no.

HENRY (*eagerly*). And you saw—saw—

McGINNIS (*quickly*). Nix! No names! Yes, I seen him. He got in this mornin'. He'll be here pretty quick to see you. Is that good enough, or do you want a mint julep wid it?

HENRY (*rubs hands together in delighted manner*). Yes, yes; that's excellent. (*Glances cautiously about room, then lowers voice to confidential tone*.) And—and the amount?

McGINNIS (*recrossing legs and taking a few puffs on cigar before replying*). Five thousand bucks!

HENRY (*gloating, rubbing palms together in miserly manner*). Aha! Five thousand dollars. Excellent, I assure you!

McGINNIS. Gee! You don't care a thing for money, do you? (*Assumes a business-like attitude and stern tone*.) But here's somethin' you don't want to be fergettin', Alderman. Evans and Black has got to be took care of out of some of that. Likewise yours truly. Get me?

HENRY (*frowns*). Yes, yes, of course. I'll see to it that they are remembered. We must have their votes.

McGINNIS. And yours truly—meaning me. Don't let that slip your mind. Yours truly. (*Taps his chest*.) Which is me! (*Rises*.) I ain't around fixin' things fer me good health, Alderman. (*Moves towards C. D.*) Anyone can

have good health, but it takes a genius to get easy money these suspicious times.

HENRY. That's all right, McGinnis. I'll remember you. Good day!

McGINNIS (*comes back to desk, leans against HENRY'S chair in familiar manner*). I guess you'd better slip me somethin' now, jes' as a sort of retainer. Say about a hundred klinkers. What?

HENRY (*annoyed and drawing away*). Nonsense! My word is good.

McGINNIS. Yes, I know that; but your money is better. Come on, Alderman. Kick in while the kickin' is good. (*Holds out right hand.*)

HENRY (*hesitates, then reluctantly puts hand in his pocket and brings out a roll of bills, counts some and hands them to him.*) There you are. Now go. (*Turns to desk and busies himself with pen, ink and paper.*)

McGINNIS (*counts money carefully and then tucks it in pocket.*) Thanks! Whenever youse want anythin' fixed, notify yours truly. Office hours any time you mention; night work a specialty; information cheerfully furnished; satisfaction guaranteed and money cheerfully refunded—if you use a gatling gun. Good day, Alderman. I'll be back tomorrow for the rest of me dividends. (*Swaggers to C. D. and exits.*)

HENRY (*not looking up from his work*). Confound him! I begin to see where he will have to be "fixed," and that before long. (*He is busy with pen for a period of fifteen seconds, then C. D. opens slowly and STEVE thrusts head in and peers cautiously about. HENRY continues writing, with head bent low over work.*)

Enter STEVE. Comes quietly to R. of desk and gazes curiously at HENRY'S work. HENRY finally feels his presence, his eyes slowly leave his work, his gaze travels to STEVE'S trousers and then slowly upward to his face. He recoils with a startled exclamation.

STEVE (*laughs mockingly*). Yep! It's me, dear brother! Steven Donlin!

HENRY (*chokingly*). You tramp—you vagabond—you loafer!

STEVE (*helping himself lazily to chair R. of desk*). Yep! I'm all of those and then some more. Eight years since I heard your brotherly voice. Sounds natural, too. Same old growl. However, I know you mean well. You know I smoke, so pass 'em out.

HENRY (*angrily*). What do you mean by coming here and disgracing me?

STEVE. I haven't had a real good cigar in ages. And as for a good gulp of real liquor—huh! Believe me, brother, when I say that it's more than a couple of days.

HENRY (*pulls open a drawer with a vicious jerk and brings out a box of cigars and extends it to STEVE*). Here! I hope you choke!

STEVE (*carefully selecting a cigar*). Say, that reminds me. Where do you keep it? You know—the liquor?

HENRY (*hesitates, then jerks open another drawer and brings out a flask and glass. Glances nervously all about*). The same wish goes with this that went with the cigar.

STEVE (*pours out a drink*). I just know you're worried sick for fear that I will choke, but I'll fool you. I've taken a good many of these without even breathing hard. Here's the way. (*Gulps drink down, carefully lights cigar and then leans comfortably back in chair and blows a cloud of smoke upward.*)

HENRY (*disgustedly*). Ugh! Very interesting, I'm sure.

STEVE (*looks admiringly all about*). Henry, this looks like money in the bank to me.

HENRY (*sharply*). You've got another look coming, young man. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I have ten good dollars here and the price of a ticket to Chicago. Or, if that doesn't suit you, the police judge is a particular friend of mine, and I'll see that you obtain a nice steady job on the rock pile for sixty days.

STEVE (*waves a hand nonchalantly*). Nothing near like what I had pictured, Henry dear. I dislike to pay railroad fare on general principles, and I decline to become a member of the good roads commission in this locality by assist-

ing in preparing obstinate rocks for same. No. (*Puffs thoughtfully.*) No. I just believe I'll stick around here a bit and get acquainted with your friends—and family.

HENRY (*starts*). Family?

STEVE. Quite so. I sincerely trust that you have a nice family, Henry. (HENRY *scowls*.) Also that they will be duly glad to see me.

HENRY (*rising angrily*). Drop that! Don't bring them into this. There's such a thing as nearing the limit—and you've about reached the mark now.

STEVE (*waves a hand. Soothingly*). Pray, don't get excited, dear brother. Sit down. (HENRY *hesitates, then reluctantly sits*.) Eight years, Henry, has made quite a difference in our lives, hasn't it? You're a mighty big man now—an alderman. And I—I—(*laughs mockingly*). Well, look me over. A lot of my misfortunes has been my own fault, I'll admit. But—more has been yours.

HENRY (*sullenly*). You had your chance—

STEVE (*interrupting sharply*). You lie! When father's estate was settled, you double-crossed me, and got the big end.

HENRY (*sullenly*). It can't be proved.

• STEVE (*easily*). Dear brother, life is too short to try. I'm a vagabond, a wanderer, and I'm content to remain one. I know what you are and I know what I am. And, somehow, I believe I sleep nights the better of we two, even if some of my nights are spent in a box car. (*Yawns*.) I have some comfort. I've always believed that I might have been a decent member of society but for you. Who knows? (*Laughs mockingly*.) I might even have been an alderman.

HENRY. How did you happen to—to come back here?

STEVE. Quite by accident, I assure you. (*Straightens quickly and assumes a business-like attitude*.) And now I'm going to tell you what I want.

HENRY (*sarcastically*). Oh, really! Suppose I were to tell you what you won't get?

STEVE (*looks thoughtfully an instant at the end of his cigar, then suddenly at HENRY*). Eight years is a devilish long time to put in the way I have, Henry. Eight long

years of hades! (*Pause.*) Don't you consider that I've got something coming to me? (*HENRY frowns.*) No? Well, I do. I do, and I propose to get it! (*Rises.*) I suppose most anyone I chance to meet on the street can direct me to Alderman Donlin's residence, so you needn't take the time. I'll accept your kind hospitality and remain with you for a few days. (*Starts for C. D.*)

HENRY (*quickly on feet, excitedly*). No, no! Wait! (*STEVE turns, smiling mockingly*). Not so fast, Steve. I—I—you can't go to my home, you know.

STEVE (*mockingly*). Can't I? Pray, what's to prevent? Eh?

HENRY (*drops in chair again, making great effort to gain control of himself. Motions to STEVE to sit down.*) Sit down. (*STEVE hesitates, then complies.*) Now just what is your game? Make it brief. (*Nervously consults watch.*) I've an important appointment within a few moments.

STEVE. All right, dear brother. I'll be brief. I want a thousand dollars. Is that brief enough?

HENRY (*picks up pen, taps teeth thoughtfully with end of it*). And just what do you propose to do, if—mind you, I say if—if I give you a thousand dollars?

STEVE (*smiles esthetically*). I'd play my own system up to about five hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs, and—

HENRY (*interrupting*). Would you agree never to come back here again?

STEVE (*tersely*). Yes, I'll even agree to that.

HENRY (*thoughtful pause*). Very well. You shall have your thousand dollars. (*Briskly rises.*) I haven't that much on me, but I believe I can get it within a very few minutes. (*Goes to hatrack, gets hat, goes to C. D., turns.*) If anyone calls while I'm gone, tell them to wait. (*Exit C. D.*)

STEVE (*looks thoughtfully at C. D. for an instant*). I wonder if he's gone for a cop or a thousand bucks. (*Rises, yawns, thrusts hands in pockets and slowly takes a turn about room. Returns to desk, sits and carefully selects another cigar.*) Um! Brother Henry is some judge of a good

cigar. (*Lights cigar.*) I shall have to burn up part of my inheritance in a few of these kind. (*Puts feet on desk and blows smoke in real enjoyment ceilingward. Smart rap sounds on C. D. He remains in tense attitude a moment, then turns slowly and thoughtfully gazes at C. D.*) Somebody evidently desires to enter. I believe somebody shall be permitted to enter. (*Calls sharply.*) Come in!

Enter SPENCER, C. D., carefully closing door behind him. Comes down C.

SPENCER (*carefully taking off hat*). Mr. Donlin? (STEVE *nods.*) I'm a few minutes early, but—(*looks around*). You are alone? (*Comes to desk and lays his hat on it. Removes gloves.*)

STEVE (*studying SPENCER*). Yes—I am alone.

SPENCER (*puts out hand*). My name is Spencer, of the Era Electric. I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Donlin. (*They shake hands. STEVE is puzzled. SPENCER sits R. of desk.*) It won't take me long to get down to business. You saw Mr. McGinnis?

STEVE (*non-committal answer*). Maybe I did; maybe so.

SPENCER (*smiles knowingly*). Oh, I understand. One cannot be too careful nowadays, Mr. Donlin. (*Hitches chair towards STEVE in confidential manner.*) Now, my folks—the Era Electric—are anxious to have this franchise matter cleared up and the ordinance passed as speedily as possible. You understand?

STEVE (*aside*). Something's rotten in Denmark, South Dakota. (*To SPENCER.*) Oh, yes—to be sure. Sooner the quicker, Mr. Spencer.

SPENCER. Very good. I shall not go into exhausting details to take up your valuable time, nor mine, as I have to catch my train back to Chicago. (*Consults watch.*) We are both business men, and while I've never had the pleasure of meeting you before, I'm enough judge of character to open up my mind and be entirely frank with you. Our proposition is not actuated by benevolent motives. My folks expect to make money from this franchise.

STEVE. Yes?

SPENCER. And you, as a public-spirited official, must disregard the old-womanish traits of some of your citizens, and give the people what they want. Am I correct?

STEVE. You are correct. The people must have what they want. (*Quickly aside.*) I don't know what they want, but they ought to have it anyway.

SPENCER. That is why Mr. McGinnis was approached. He is one of the people. He intimated that we could be assured of your vote; also that Evans and Black could be depended upon. Now I trust that I have convinced you, Mr. Donlin. (*Again consults watch.*)

STEVE (*doubtfully*). You have, and you haven't. It all depends. Did you bring it with you?

SPENCER (*smiles knowingly*). Oh, yes. I was thoughtful enough for that. (*Reaches in inside pocket and brings out a large roll of bills.*) In the old days, Mr. Donlin, they used to pass checks in these—ahem—matters. These days, we pass these. Strictly non-evidence—these. (*Passes STEVE the bills.*)

STEVE (*takes money and looks curiously at it*). You are sure you are not making any mistake about this?

SPENCER (*pompously*). Our folks, Mr. Donlin, *never* make mistakes. (*Rises, picks up hat.*) And now I may tell my folks that we may expect no opposition from you?

STEVE (*caressing money*). No. You'll have no opposition from me, old top.

SPENCER. Thanks. I feel that we can depend upon you. I'll bid you good day, as it will be much safer if I am not seen in conversation with you. (*Grabs STEVE's hand and shakes it vigorously.*) Awfully glad to have met you, sir.

STEVE. Say, you ain't half as glad as I am.

SPENCER. I perhaps shall see you again sometime.

STEVE. Any old time you like—provided you come loaded.

SPENCER (*shakes STEVE's hand again*). Good-bye, Mr. Donlin. You'll pardon me if I seem inclined to hurry, but I have but a few moments to catch my train. (*Goes briskly to C. D., turns.*) Bye-bye, Mr. Donlin. (*Exits C. D.*)

STEVE (*drawing a long breath*). Whew! Well, wouldn't

that can your Delaware peaches? Who wouldn't be an alderman? (*Looks at money.*) But this ain't on the level. I know I'm going to wake up in just a minute. (*Runs edge of bills through his fingers, counting it rapidly.*) Holy sandwich! Five thousand bucks! (*Rises excitedly.*) Gee, it's a great game! *Graft!* Intended for my dear, good, noble brother; but the wires got crossed and I—(*bursts into a hearty laugh*), and I copped the merry kale! (*Sinks into chair and assumes thoughtful pose for a moment.*) Great! This beats the one thousand I was going to get by four thousand dollars. I'll hike with this, leave a note for my fond and loving brother, saying I've changed my mind, and—(*seizes pen and begins to write rapidly. Knock sounds on C. D. He remains tense an instant, then drops pen and crumbles up paper, half turning towards door.*) Now who the deuce is that? (*Thrusts money in inside pocket.*) Maybe it's another bunch of hush money. (*Calls sharply.*) Come in!

Enter MRS. DONLIN, C. D. STEVE recoils.

MRS. DONLIN (*glances inquiringly about*). I beg your pardon—I—(*starts in astonishment as she discovers STEVE.*) You! Steven! (*Advances toward him, smiling and with outstretched hand.*)

STEVE (*rising awkwardly and taking her hand. Confusedly*). I—I didn't expect—you here, Sarah.

MRS. D. No, of course you didn't. And I didn't expect to come here. I happened to remember something I wanted to consult Henry about, and stopped the motor to run in, and—(*looks quickly about*). But where is Henry, and how—where did you drop from?

STEVE (*nervously*). I don't know—that is, I was just passing through town, and—and dropped into say hello to Henry, but—(*glances helplessly about*).

MRS. D. (*laughs and drops into desk chair*). I see. Still up to your old tricks, coming and going. But this time you are not going to leave town without first paying us a visit at the house.

STEVE (*nervously*). No, no; impossible. I—I—got to go.

MRS. D. Indeed you don't. The children—you've simply *got* to see them, you know.

STEVE (*starts as she says "children"*). I—I—haven't time. You see, I—I (*again looks around*).

MRS. D. (*laughs*). Oh, come now. What will Henry say?

STEVE (*coldly*). We'll leave him out of this, if you don't mind.

MRS. D. Nonsense! Remember, you are brothers. Blood is thicker than water. Just forget everything connected with that miserable past, and think only he is your own flesh and blood. Your brother!

STEVE (*hangs head an instant doubtfully, then raises it quickly*). No—it's no use! I simply can't forget! Good-bye, Sarah. (*Extends a hand to her.*)

MRS. D. (*ignores it*). No, I shan't take it. I want you to see my children. And I want you to see Henry in his home, with the children—his children and mine—playing about his knee. I—

STEVE (*interrupting*). No. Good-bye. (*Starts resolutely for C. D., stops short as if struck by a sudden idea and turns back.*) Oh, by the way, Sarah. How does Henry intend to vote on the Era Electric franchise?

MRS. D. (*surprised*). Eh? He has told me that he is opposed to it and will vote against it. Why?

STEVE (*brings out package of bills and extends it to her*). An agent of the company was here a few moments ago and handed me this, under the impression that I was Henry. It's the price of his vote!

MRS. D. (*mechanically takes it*). The—the price of his vote? I—I don't understand.

STEVE. It's very easy. Henry would have scorned the bribe, but I didn't. *Now* you understand!

MRS. D. (*tensely*). They tried to bribe *him*? The noblest, truest man in all the world! (*Shakes head and smiles.*) They don't know my Henry! (*Proudly smiling at STEVE.*)

STEVE (*dryly*). No—that particular man didn't, that's a cinch! But, now, Sarah, all you've got to do is to see that

the money goes back where it came from—and that Henry votes *no*!

MRS. D. (*firmly*). I can promise you that. I can faithfully make you that promise. (*Proudly.*) My Henry would do it anyway.

Enter HENRY, C. D., *in time to overhear her last words.*

HENRY (*swiftly trying to take in the situation*). What would Henry do? (MRS. DONLIN *risks and faces* HENRY.)

STEVE (*quickly to HENRY, giving her no time to reply*). Did you get me the money, brother?

HENRY (*avoiding his wife's gaze, taking out a roll of bills and handing it to STEVE. Gruffly.*) Yes—take it! (*To MRS. DONLIN.*) And now what would Henry do, my dear?

STEVE (*grabs money from HENRY'S hand*). You will see that the Era Electric get back their coin! (HENRY *starts*.) You will say to them that their Mr. Spencer stubbed his toe and slipped the wrong party five thousand. And that if you had happened to be here at the time you would have crammed the filthy wad down his throat. You will cast your vote in the cause of civic purity, brother Henry, and defeat the infamous franchise. You will then go home to your children and look them in the eyes with your eyes, which will not be afraid to meet their innocent gaze. You will do all this, brother Henry, and I—I will never come back here to disgrace you. Good-bye! (*He goes to C. D., turns and gives them a last parting look and exits.* HENRY *stands C., with a deep scowl on face and gnawing his finger nails.* MRS. DONLIN *stands at desk with bowed head and idly toying with package of bills, to—*)

CURTAIN.

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HOT AIR.—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 25 minutes. Briggs and his chum after a night out. Brigg's wife after an explanation. She finds their lovely "fairy tale" simply "hot air" and they find themselves in "hot water." Their ingenuity in extricating themselves from the humid situation is most amusing.

IS IT RAINING?—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 10 minutes. Otto Swimmorebeer, a German, Susan Fairweather, a friend of his. This act runs riot with fun, gags, absurdities and comical lines.

"I have had expensive sketches, but your's beat them all."
—Gust Muech, Milwaukee, Wis.

A MISTAKEN MISS.—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. The maiden expects to meet a very sedate young man, which part he impersonates, although he is quite the opposite. He also makes up as an Irishman. However, the mistake was not amiss for the mistaken miss, as he proves to be her willing ideal. Strong plot, plenty of "laughs" with opportunity for good acting.

MR. AND MRS. FIDO.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. Mrs. Fido's husband and her dog Bruno are sick. Johnson, a dog doctor, who is just over from Sweden, is mistaken for Mr. Fido's physician, and complications arise that create more disturbance than a mustard plaster on a small boy. A great Swede part.

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	M.	F.
Documentary Evidence, 25 min.	1	1
Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min....	4	2
Family Strike, 20 min.....	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.....	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min....	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min...		5
Fun in a Photograph Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Great Doughnut Corporation, 30 min.	3	5
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min....	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min....	4	3
Happy Pair, 25 min.....	1	1
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min....	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min....	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min....	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min....	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min....	8	
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m.	4	3
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 min.	3	2
My Lord in Livery, 1 hr....	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min....	3	3
My Turn Next, 45 min....	4	3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr....	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.		5
Obstinate Family, 40 min....	3	3
Only Cold Tea, 20 min....	3	3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3	2
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min....	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min....	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min....	6	2
Persecute a Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.....	6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min....	4	3
Second Childhood, 15 min....	2	2
Smith, the Aviator, 40 min....	2	3
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min....	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min....	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min....	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.		4
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min....	3	3
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.		2
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min....		8
Two of a Kind, 40 min....	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min....	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Which Will He Marry? 20 min.	2	8
Who Is Who? 40 min.....	3	2
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.....		8
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.....	7	3

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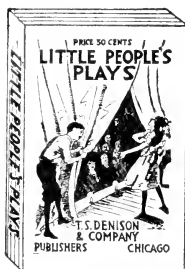
	M.	F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min....	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.....	2	1
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coming Champion, 20 min....	2	
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min....	1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min....	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.....	2	
Five Minutes from Yell Col- lege, 15 min.....	2	
For Reform, 20 min.....	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min....	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2	
Her Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.....	1	
Home Run, 15 min.....	1	1
Hot Air, 25 min.....	2	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.....	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min....	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min..	1	
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min..	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.....	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min....	1	1
Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.....	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min....	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.....	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.....		1
Special Sale, 15 min.....	2	
Stage Struck Darcy, 10 min..	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min..	1	
Time Table, 20 min.....	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min...	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min..	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min....	2	
Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville, 15 min.	1	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.....	5	2
Who Gits de Reward? 30 min.	5	1

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